The beer bottles and cigarette butts could just stay there. Till doomsday! He stabbed the air with his index finger. He was indignant.

Now Babyface Marjoram tried to lay away old camping equipment. Johnny easily imagined why. Being homeless was camping without the fun. All by yourself unless you were getting rolled, and with a good chance of dying. He wanted Johnny to lay away a portable barbecue in a dirty white canvas bag, an aluminum hand-warmer like a giant Zippo....

Unfortunately, Babyface Marjoram's latest lay-aways had all been vetoed by Trixie, who was on to him. He told Johnny it was a temporary bureaucratic fuck-up. The bastards!

Johnny was on to him, too. All that furniture he laid away, asking for a letter to show Trixie, promising to return with the money. They'd issue the cheque, and he'd cash it and blow it on computer things from J. Zeus Murphy's Zombie Crypt down Thing Street.

Then Trixie paid him a house-call, only this time she couldn't use the shower, or sit down. But she'd issued him a cheque for a sofa, a bed with a (lovely French Provincial headboard), a dining set, a couple of dressers, knickknacks, etc.

Sure had a lot of computers though!

I go for the gusto, he said. Uncertainly....

*****

Babyface staggered to a roadside pay-phone, inserted his last quarter, and slowly dialed Johnny's number with painfully frost-bitten fingers.

You know that crummy history you wrote about me?

Yeah, he seemed to recollect. What about it?

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre said it wasn't THE REAL ME.

Yeah? What's that, anyway? Like he gave a fuck.

It's YOU! All YOU!

Well, maybe we better conclude, then....

So it's MINE? I can HAVE IT?

You just said it was ME!

*****

Off the shoulder of the Highway to Hammtown. In a gravely ravine beside his frozen corpse, a final blue flicker from Babyface Marjoram's aluminum hand-warmer....

A snow-plow crushed him.

He'd had it....

His TRANSFORMATION....

*****